63

LRH JOURNAL

This journal contains some of LRH's earliest writings; fiction, autobiographical pages, a few poems and random notes.

It appears to have been written between 1928 and 1930, perhaps over this whole period.

The book itself was originally someone's accounts journal from 1907 - 10 and various of its pages still have these accounts entries, which have not been copied.

Several pages have been torn out of the journal and are missing. Some of the stories appear to be incomplete.

LRH wrote both directions in the journal (from the front towards the back, and from back to front). The photocopied pages have been arranged, as much as possible, in a logical sequence, and do not always follow the journal page numbers.

Blank blue pages have been used to separate the different stories and writings.

GDA
Oct 1980

They smell all the baths they didn't take.

The trouble with China is, there are too many chinks here.

Dimitri Rostov, the communist, puffed languidly at his exaggerated cigaret. He was lost in thought. He roused himself presently and with pursed lips and half shut eyes, surveyed his room, the best Mukden China could afford. His eye traveled to his writing desk, and there began to twinkle.

* * *

John Arthur Kelvin of the British Secret Service in China, awoke from a light ~~slumber~~ nap to receive a letter which was proffered him by a toothless old Chinaman. Johnny closed the door and looked at the letter for a long time.

"Ann!" he finally called, "Ann May I come up?"

A voice floated down the stairs assuring Johnny that he could. He climbed the stairs and hastily smoothed his hair down before he entered Ann's room.

"Morning Johnny, you look like bad news itself. Here, I'll ring for some breakfast. You'll feel better after that." Then she noticed the long envelope in his hand. "Oh! Who's it from?" She drew her negligee more tightly about her and pulled John down to the edge of the bed.

"It's from head quarters, little girl. We've got a job on our hands now. Y'see -- well I'll read it to you. 'You and miss Carleton will proceed to Mukden from Peking. In Mukden you will go to the Wan

Kang Cafe--' that's a pretty tough joint Ann--"

"Oh, why say it in that tone of voice" she laughed, "you're always worried about me. I'll have to marry you one of these days just so I can give you a good brow-beating. Tough indeed. what about the Murale affair in Egypt, what--"

"Looks like you don't have to be married to me to give me a brow beating" Johnny turned to the letter, "where you will arrest one, Dimitri Rostov. We will place other agents about the cafe. It would be wise to disguise yourself as Russians, CI! 3" Johnny laid the letter aside and looked at Ann. "Listen, hon, I don't feel right about all this."

"Neither do I you big Camel, but we never have yet so. what the hell?" She rang the bell and ordered breakfast. "Well, when do we leave?"

* *

Muk den was very quiet at nine o'clock that night. The train slid into the station and left two Russians on the platform. The two watched the train until darkness closed over the light on the rear car.

Johnny readjusted his beard. "I bet I make a swell Russian," he remarked.

"you'd make a swell anything old dear." Ann pulled her coat up about her ears. "Nice

night for a murder. Come on lets find this dump of a Cafe."

"I know where it is. Teddy Joyce was telling me about it a couple days ago. It's a hangout for all sorts of riff-raff. Below the sidewalk and all that rot."

"Come on. You know I just adore these nice gentle people that pose as riff-raff."

The gloom of the narrow streets was very depressing to the two and Ann tried to dispel it by chatting gayly in Russian as they strode along. But soon she fell silent. It is hard to drown silence.

Presently John said "Here she is baby," and climbed down a flight of steps that descended from the sidewalk. Ann followed him cautiously. Kelvin opened the door and stood blinking for a moment at the sudden burst of light, but Ann shoved him inside and led him to a table in a corner, opposite the wall, chattering gayly all the while in Russian.

They ordered Vodka and butter and then began to observe the place.

The Wai Tang Cafe was noisy and very warm. An old piano on a low stage was being banged noisily by a Russian in cap and sash. People danced in a cleared space in the center of the room. The tables were nearly full with the riff-raff that Kelvin had spoken of.

The Vodka and butter arrived, distracting the two Britains for the moment.

"Pretty fair Vodka, Olga," said John for the waiter's benefit, and after the man had been paid, "don't see any of our crowd. Do you?"

"You wouldn't know them anyway. If I met you on the street I'd be scared to death. You look more like a Russian than a Russian does."

"Thanks, but you look hideous in all that powder and white hair. The fur isn't so bad though." John downed his vodka and ate another pat of butter: "This Dimitri ~~guy~~ chap is supposed to be around here somewhere. See him?"

"No. I don't. unless he's the lad in the corner, that's wearing all the chest protector."

Kelvin scrutinized the fellow in question. "I fancy you're right, as usual. He looks rather jumpy too."

The jumpy one was getting to his feet now. Ann and Johnny watched ~~another~~ him curiously. He walked directly over to them and then, as he stood beside their table, deliberately slapped Kelvin across the mouth. Kelvin surged to his feet, surprised, his eyes ablaze. The stranger struck him again and wheeled about abruptly to speed across the floor toward a small door in the far corner of the room.

In his determination to catch the fellow, John scarcely noticed that he had sent several tables and their occupants ~~to~~ crashing to the floor. Desperate hands clutched at him, strident voices screamed insults at him, but he had attention only for the Russian ~~he~~ who had slipped him.

The pursued burst through the tiny door and plunged into the long unlit tunnel. Kelvin was a scant ten feet behind him ~~and~~ loosing ground every moment. ~~Poor~~ Ann was gasping for breath, but she had managed to keep apace with John.

The tunnel seemed to be without end. Dank, forbidding, echoing hollowly ~~t~~ the pounding feet. ~~Hellish~~ stygian blackness surrounded the three. It flashed across John's mind that he had not heard the other man's ~~foot~~ hurrying feet for the last second. He stopped suddenly and caught Ann in his arms, thrusting her rudely against the ~~side~~ ~~of the~~ sweating wall, and dropping to the floor himself, began to fumble feverishly for his gun.

Then they were blinded by a flash of light and deafened by the roar of a revolver. Ann gasped and sank to the floor and Kelvin fired ~~at the flash~~ twice.

at the flash. Then all was quiet again except for the tiny sobs of the girl. The acrid, choking powder smoke filled Kelvin's nostrils.

John lay motionless for a full minute before he began to edge his silent way along the rough stone floor. He had crawled possibly twenty feet when his hand encountered a man's arm. The man did not move. ~~and~~ Reassured, Kelvin found his flashlight and turned it on the man's face which was twitching in agony. The lips were flecked with blood.

Ann's voice startled him. She stood, swaying a little beside him, by the light of his torch, he could see that her left arm dangled, blood was staining her shapely hand and then dripping onto the flagging.

"Ann! You're hurt!" his voice seemed to belong to another

"Nothing at all Johnny. Flesh wound." ~~He dead?~~ ~~he~~ she muttered. "He's dead, isn't he?"

"Let's see" And Johnny lifted the man's head. He handed his torch to Ann. "Here hold this."

But Ann did not hear him. "Look, his beard is away!"

John pulled it off.

The man's lips moved feebly and Johnny bent low to hear.

"Youre--" the voice trailed off. "Youre-- John-- and-- and-- Ann." Very weary and pain racked, he spoke again." and Jim-- Ted--"

"Joyce! My God! Jim killed you" Kelvin screamed.

There it came again, "all-- right-- not-- not your fault. Just-- just mine-- I don't mind-- dying-- he coughed on the blood that was trickling from his mouth.

Ann couldn't stand it. She was crying silently.

Johnny was hysterical. "Can't I do something Ted. Youre not going to die! I won't let you!"

Ted tried to laugh, it was too much of an effort. He spoke once more," Look-in-my-breast pocket-- a note-- Jim-- not here-- any more, Jim-- Good bye-" There was peace in his voice.

They found the note after a little. Ann read it aloud.

"You will proceed to Muktan where you will arrest one Primitia Pastora. Dressed as a Russian you will enter the Hotel Grand Cafe at about eight thirty the two Primitia Pastora will appear shortly after words with a companion. You are to approach his table and slap him after words you will

make your escape
through the window
door at the far corner of
the cafe. You will
there be relieved of
your pursuer by Alex
Dimitri who will join
Aisling just outside
the studio. CI 31

* * *

Dimitri Pastor was
seated in the next
booth that Aisling
had to pass. He was
chuckling softly to
himself.

"Might have been
three but one was one of
Conrad's superiors. Silly
people these English. Can
be trained at the shooting
but with amusement.

The year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Three rallied round and found me contentedly resting on my laurels. A first class badge. Ford was a boy scout then and Jerry was my friend ~~who~~ that didn't help all about it. I considered Seattle the best town on the map as far as scouting was concerned.

One day ~~one~~ Dad came in and informed mother and me that we were to leave for Washington D.C. via the Panama Canal on the "U.S.S. U.S. Grant."

Seriously pushed upon & supposed I could write a couple thousand words on that trip. So to were old. but people and Panama were ever new to me. I could tell you how many bananas we bought for a dime and how surprised we were and all about a French movie and about Harry Morgan and so on. But I spare you. If you really want to know about it, read the "Police Gazette" or one of those other travel magazines.

Hence, with the mere two hundred word introduction, you can have the story. I'm good. Darn.

Washington in December, with the birds chirping merrily in the trees, and snow lying deep and about beautifully untrod with soot or what have you and the cops walking about getting flatter flat feet.

Visualize me in a natty scout suit, my red hair tumbling out from under my hat, doing my good turn daily. Once I saved a man's life. I could have pushed him in front of a street car but I didn't.

The Washington Post cup contest was on. Troop Ten and Troop one hundred were racing madly neck in neck, ahead of the crowd only a mile or so. Consequently, seeing that Troop one hundred belonged to the Y.M.C.A. and would therefore probably lose, I joined Troop Ten, which must have yelled loudly when they perceived me crossing the threshhold.

I was properly enthused with the good old scout spirit and began to concentrate on pushing Troop Ten way up forward. The first "Court of Honor" convened in two weeks. I appeared with two hard won examinery cards and received "Firemanship" and "Personal Health." That was my start.

I cast about for another badge and decided on "Photography." Down to the National Museum I went to see the examiner of that merit badge.

He sat at a big desk in a room that was cluttered with human skulls and proceeded to inform me that I knew nothing about photography. I agreed with him perfectly and came again another day to

find the same verdict. A month and ten visits later he signed my card just to be rid of me, telling me that I'd never know anything about photography due to my exceptional stupidity. This is rather spoiled by the fact that I just sold six pictures to the National Geographic Magazine.

Other merit badges were coaxed from the reluctant examiners. Things went along smoothly until I tackled "Physical Development." Lovely badge that. One has to be a Statesman to secure it.

A doctor in the old Clinic proved incredibly stubborn. Sailor Ken after Saturday I went back to him. He frowned, make me chin myself half a hundred times and then smile jovially and tell me that I wasn't good enough as yet.

For "Bird Study" I spent day after day in the National Museum studying our feathered friends. I grew so tired looking at their inanimate images that I ceased to become friendly. Big birds and little birds. Facts and memory with an examiner who must have forgotten how to sign his name. Concluding me Begrudgingly he put his John Henry on my card long after I had begun to think seriously of writing a book of birds which I thought I would entitle "Why Birds are a Menace to Civilization."

Down in the Navy Yard there is a very long and very cold pool of water which is called the "Model Basin." And in the same Navy yard there was a naval lieutenant who was my friend as well as my swimming examiner. As he was my friend, he only made me spend two or three hours at a time in the ice water. I nearly drowned myself three or four times while trying for the "Life Saving" badge.

Washington's birthday bobbed up with surprising suddenness. The day dawned bright & clear with only occasional showers. All the scouts in Washington took the train for Mount Vernon. There Eagles blew a beautiful taps at the tomb. A treasure hunt ensued and I found myself to be the proud possessor of a ticket to some theater's matinee.

Time, back to the scoutland worry, where my next badge was pending. At one court of honor solemnly stated that eleven men constituted a basketball team. Imagine my embarassment when the examiner informed me that it was not eleven, but eight.

One fine day, the scout executive telephoned my house and told me that I was to meet the president that afternoon. I told him I thought it pretty sweet of the president to come way out to

way house that way but to Jim Kinney. I was informed that it was I that had to do the calling.

That afternoon found me neatly brushed and clean & ears (even the backs & my hands were thoroughly washed & sitting in the hall outside of the president's office along with about forty boys from New York who had been commissioned to request the president to accept the honorary chairmanship of National Boy's Week. I represented the Boy Scouts.

The secretary came out of the executive offices and very solemnly informed us that the president was prepared. The secretary sounded as though he was inviting us to our own hanging. With fear and trembling we entered and repeated our names a few times as we pumped Cal's listless hand. He must have a well developed biceps by this time. I think I have the distinction of being the only Boy Scout in America that has made a president sweat.

He told me of his boyhood ~~on the farm. If you want it~~ I will not do it but think you'll have much difficulty in finding a text for.

~~From there I went to the Scout Headquarters where it was~~

Once more outside the White House. The entire delegation of was stopped by Paddi- kents. Oh. I've a lot to live down. We stood there grinning mirthlessly and pumping one another's hand. Why must people do that in front of the camera?

But to make a long story short, three months after my arival in Washington I was an Eagle Scout. Twenty-one merit badges in ninety days. I was quite a boy then. Written up in papers and all that. Take a look at me. You didn't know that the wreck in front of you was once the youngest Eagle Scout in the country, did you?

Not so many hundreds of years ago, the majority of white mankind grovelled in the dust and muck of serfdom before the whims of a crowned fetter, with steely bars against liberty of thought and action, the serfs almost ceased to think. Many an Edison and Einstein stagnated, and science and education slipped back into the obscure monasterys. ~~Thinking was frowned upon~~ People lived and died in hovels ~~without an inkling~~ unaware that life held better things. Hovels where one must retire a sundown for want of light, hovels that sweltered in summer and froze in winter, but which must house human beings even as you or I. The princes saw and laughed, for princes want not for food and warm clothing, while mankind suffered.

Then came Voltaire, Luther and the others, men who held grudges against the crowns of Europe and sought to avenge themselves through the might of the people. It was a selfish motive which prompted them but their seeds of revolution took root and grew. England found herself in the possession of the Magna Charta and France had begun to ponder. Revolutionary measures in religion had begun to be enacted and many

people fled before them and found refuge in America. where they found themselves in possession of their own land and where they could think as they pleased. The heady nectar of Liberty had been quaffed and the world was awakening.

The rules of the English Crown which at one time would have been accepted, began to rub the colonists shoulders and the colonists began to grumble and talk among themselves for such indignities as the Stamp Act affected the man in the street as well as the colonies.

Liberty became a glorious thing, something to bleed and die for, something that stirred the most sluggish blood. It led to revolution. When Independence was realized the United States began to wonder what to do with it. A crown was impossible for they had been fighting to get away from one. Then Benjamin Franklin's Articles of Confederation were put into effects and were found wanting. They nearly bankrupted our nation

~~How I~~

I had been back in the states nearly a year. School had been hard for me and with spring turning the fields blue and green it was all the more difficult for me to sit at a desk and work ~~algebra~~ tedious Algebra problems. I counted the months I ~~school~~ captivity that stretched before and wondered whether or not I'd require a keeper before vacation.

Finally, Vigilante Day turned up. It was on the fourth of May. The sun shone and the weather itself

The long awaited upon Vigilante Day had arrived. Although I did not know it, it was a period as far as school was concerned.

The parade came on the morning on that fateful 8 May, two years ago. All Helena turned out to watch the cowboys and cavalrymen, clowns and floats. ~~All~~ File up Main St. And what characters there were. Old Henry Plummer, George Ives, Piapo Jim ~~and Chapters~~, Custer, Jake Hoover all were to be noted.

The three girls and ~~the~~ two boys who constituted my crowd were "Old Mex", "Betsy", "Darlin'", Harry Morgan, ~~Captain~~ Captain Kidd and Captain Blood. Pirates! Of the Spanish main, armed to the teeth and flaunting a challange in the faces of the Vigilantes.

The gayety of the day died down at last. The girls were ~~shown to~~ escorted home in my mighty Ford (vintage, 1914) and my two friends were going home with me. As we sailed along, a baseball nearly bashed in my brains. I stalled out to chastise the offender and netted four broken Mar carpals in my right hand.

That was the beginning and the end. I couldn't write and school faded from the picture. My hand was reset four times and life lost its joy. I sold the Ford and went [illegible], taking

Horace Greeley's advice.

I felt better in Seattle. Summer had already come although it was only May. I have a scout record in Seattle and took advantage of it by going to Camp Parsons on the second where the first period had begun.

I was happy about a week. The kids in camp were a jolly lot and they tagged me around like a bunch of dogs. Then they left and a larger crowd came. Too large for me. Besides, I was out of a job. There, too, there is a sign in the roomy mess hall at Parsons which states: Something lost behind the ranges. ~~something lost~~

That declaration puzzled me once more. It had in the days gone by but now I was determined to find it."

I set out at noon, hiking a swift pace under a heavy pack through the lofty, virgin Olympics. At nine o'clock that night, I made camp about ~~the~~ two miles down trail from "Shelter Rock." Twelve hours later, I was limp on top of a boulder pile, saved from a broken spine by my pack. I gazed at the blood ~~running~~ from my wrist and decided it was ~~a good time~~ high time I went ~~to~~ to visit Herr Doctor

While I was in Bremerton, seeing a navy Doctor about my wrist, I learned that the "Henderson" was leaving for Guam on the ~~first~~ first of July. It was then the twenty-~~first~~ fourth.

At eleven that night, I was speeding southward on the Shasta Limited California bound.

From all reports, the "Henderson" was supposed to be in San Francisco on the twenty-sixth. But when I arrived and went to the Transport Dock, she was gone, and I had a bare twenty dollars in my pocket. ~~With a few~~

With a precious nickel, I purchased a ~~paper~~ newspaper and upon turning to the shipping section, was informed that the "President Pierce" was tied to Dock 28. At two o'clock I was standing in line at Dock 28 waiting to sign on the ships papers as an ordinary seaman. China or bust ~~has~~ now had a very sinister aspect.

A happy thought struck me as I stood there nursing my nerves with a cigaret. Why not call the ~~Naval Headquarters~~ Twelfth Naval District and enquire after the "Henderson". Perhaps she was in ~~Diego~~ San Diego. ~~So~~ I called and found my hunch correct.

At two thirty, my trunk checked through to Diego, I was on a bus speeding southward once more.

In San Diego, faint from lack of sleep and ~~from~~ food, I requested transportation from Captain Adams of the "Henderson". It was all right as far as he was concerned but it seemed that I should need an approval from Washington.

In search of the approval, still tired and hungry, I called on the aide to the commandant. ~~He~~ He was very pleasant and radioed immediately With that attended to, I rented a very cheap room and slept eighteen hours in a row.

The morning of the next day saw a young red-headed fellow passing in and out of phone booths every few minutes. It was the ~~twenty-ninth and~~ thirtieth and the "Henderson" was sailing the morning of the first.

I counted my scant change and decided on some hot cakes. They seemed the cheapest and the most filling.

My message arrived ~~the~~ the evening of the thirtieth and stated that my father's permission was denied. It ordinarily took two days to get ~~a~~ answer an answer from Grandma and this was no exception. The radio from my Dad ~~was~~ arrived the morning of the first, about an hour before the "Henderson" sailed.

The evening of the thirty first brought the sad news that my trunk was somewhere between Frisco and

Diego, to be rescued a year later.

The "Henderson" sailed with me aboard. My possessions were: two handkerchiefs, two suits underwear, one pair shoes, one worn suit, one thin topcoat, one tooth brush, two pair socks and two pennies.

No wardrobe, no money, but that trip ~~is~~ was the best I ever took and ~~the~~ ~~is~~ the best I ever hope to take. The Navy gave me a kangaroo court martial, there were nine young grass widows aboard, she danced every other night, the movies were good.

But I will tell you the secret of this strange life I had. Bosh! I was born on Friday the thirteenth.

~~Before the sept~~

~~The sun was hot, the day was still.~~

~~The palm trees, quada greens, lined the back of that tropical~~

~~The sun was hot, the day was still and Hospital Corpsman James Thorpe surveyed his tiny domain~~

The sun was hot, ~~the day was still~~ and except for the monotonous detone of the sea beating the cruel reef the day was still. ~~The palm trees which lined the littered beach~~ The palm trees which lined the littered beach seemed dead for all their brazen finery. Even the stars and stripes ~~drooped~~ and clung sadly to the flagpole ~~beside the~~ in front of the dressing station. Hospital Corpsman James Thorpe surveyed his tiny domain. ~~He knew the position of every blade of grass by heart.~~ From his chair in the shade of a royal palm, he could see it all. ~~There were the fish traps, the monument the~~ crumbling ~~fort that Spaniards built, the squatty tin roofed churches~~ on the point the Spaniards built, the squatty white church whose bell awoke him each morning, the deserted fish traps at the river mouth, and the

horde of native huts, now silent in the days heat.
The boy tipped his chair back against the palm and his eyes grew deep with thought. Twenty days he had been there. Twenty days all alike slipping past in reverie, coming in a soft whispering dawn, lingering with cruel heat and departing with a crash of color into the restless Pacific. Twenty days of caring for the native sick and dressing the children's festering sores. It was hard to believe, all this. On the other side of the island it had been different, there there had been stories and white men and gay laughter, but here the world was dead, life had become stale and stagnant, books lost their meaning and the little phonograph jangled on ones nerves with its laughing voices and fast music.
A soft quick footsteps brought him again to the present and he pulled himself from his chair to face the intruder. Then a liquid voice met his ears. It was Marie.
"Ia Ora" she said and looked at him shyly.

"Hello" he returned. "Couldn't you sleep?"

"You forget our reports Jeem. It is always the first."

Jeems Thorpe blessed the day the hospital had sent this pretty nurse to his station. She knew nearly as much about nursing as he did, many times trained though he was.

"But we have nothing to report, Marie, and besides, it is too hot to work."

"Oh, c'mon forgets Guerreros new baby and Johnquin's broken arm and—"

"There, there, that's enough, I'd like to forget all those but you won't let me. Sit down, won't you please, I haven't seen you all day."

She took the chair with a shy glance at the boy and folded her shiny brown hands in her lap. The corpsman ~~slipped~~ was suddenly aware that she was beautiful. He swam for a moment in the depths of her clear brown eyes and then seated himself quickly upon the grass. He was somewhat startled by his discovery and told himself fiercely that she was native, native, native.

"You do not look well Jeem," her voice seemed to caress. "You should pay more attention to what you eat."

"Oh, I'm allright" his voice didn't sound his own.

"Well you need not bite me" she laughed. "When are you going to let me cook for you?"

"Now!" screamed his heart but his lips uttered indifferently. "Too much work for you and Jim always too hot to eat anywhere."

"No excuse at all. I shall cook your supper this evening!"

"You need not bother" he murmured but his eyes said that he lied.

And so it was. That was followed by others and then he had wiped the dishes and stowed them neatly into the tin cupboard they sat and talked on the porch of the dressing station until the night was old. Little things they said the boy would tell her of his days spent on his fathers farm in Iowa and she would amuse him with the legends of her people who had once been great. Jim fought against himself but it is not easy to fight anything in the tropics & he was falling in love with the girl, native though she was.

Mornings they busied themselves about their work and Jim began to like the sleek skinned little native children who looked at him so trustfully as he bandaged their

cuts and blisters, he even began to feel kindly toward the fat mothers who brought the children.

A month and thirty dinners cooked by Marie had lagged by when the mail called Francisco was hurt. Francisco was the clown of the village as well as the best fisherman and it was a worried group who brought him to the dressing station. ~~They came to the door~~ At Jim's bidding they laid Francisco on the long table and pointed to the gunny sack swathed crudely about the man's leg. Jim undid the rag and felt suddenly sick, the man's forefeg was gone.

"Barracuda!" said one of the men.

The corpsman sent for Marie and then ~~slipped~~ snatched up the phone and called the air station at the northern end of the island. Marie came in and Jim felt suddenly steadied. Between the two of them, they managed to disinfect and bandage the ~~wound~~ maimed leg while the man bit through a pillow in agony.

The corpsman sent for Marie and then snatched the phone and called the distant air station. The plane assured he turned back to the maimed man and began to clean the wound. Marie rushed in and without a word began to help him. Francisco was mad with pain and it took three men to hold him down.

"Morphine!" whispered Marie. Jim nodded and the girl prepared a needle and administered the dope. As he applied the first Jim saw that his hands were shaking. Marie saw, too, and steadied them with a touch of her own cool fingers.

Outside they heard the roar of the seaplane and they carried the maimed man to the waters edge. The plane landed inside the reef and taxied close to the shore. Jim gathered the now unconscious Francisco in his arms and waded through the shallow water to the plane's side.

Without a word the pilot tumbled the man into the front cockpit and together he and Jim buckled him down. Then with a wave of his hand

to the retreating corpsman. The aviator opened the throttle and became a receding drone in the sky.

Wet, shaken and suddenly tired, Jim made his way to the dressing station. Dimly he saw Marie on the porch and in a moment he felt her in his arms. She was sobbing and he patted her white clad shoulder.

[redacted]

Plato dreamed and planned
an ideal republic and
utopia which never became
a reality destined never to be
realized.

The entire Troop seemed to have been rooting Old Man Time. I raced him in Washington, D.C. ~~to find~~ my goal, ~~being~~ the honor of becoming the youngest Eagle Scout in the country, and his, ~~the~~ the thirteenth of March, my birthday. I won that time. Another instance, he triumphed. Then, I remember a terrible race, two years ago which was won by -- but I must tell you of that.

~~I had gone~~ My parents had shipped me home from Guam in the Marianas Islands, that I might attend school in Helena Montana. I attended for nearly a year and would have attended a great deal longer had it not been for the fact that I broke my right hand.

I was returning from the Vigilante Day Parade and some anarchist threw a baseball at me as I rode along in my Ford. As I was rather dazed by the blow, I stopped the car and broke four marcarpals on him.

I didn't go to school after that. The hand was reset four times and all joy seemed vulgar. Toward the end of May, I packed my trunk and informed my grandparents that I had decided upon a change of scenery.

Two days later, I was in Seattle, living with my aunt and uncle.

About the seventh of June, I made use of my scout prestige and visited Camp

Parsons, a beautiful place on the sound. I always liked ~~Camp Parsons~~ Parsons. ~~surrounded~~ ~~as it~~ backed up - it is by the virgin Olympic wilderness and faced by the cool sound.

I had been there about two weeks when a motto taken from one of Kipling's poems began to bother me.

I finally succumbed to its promise, and, placing a full Trapper-Nelson on my back, set out to find "it."

Evidently "it" didn't care to be discovered for just like a tenderfoot, I had trusted a shelving bank too far. I fell about fifty feet and sustained an artery slash on the left wrist.

While I was in Bremerton I was told in a conversational way that the transport "Henderson" was leaving San Francisco on the first of July. It was then the eighteenth.

I went ~~to~~ back to Seattle ~~on the~~ and did nothing in particular for perhaps eight days. Then, one afternoon at four o'clock, I made up my mind to leave for Grant and that night I was clicking down the coast on the Shasta Limited.

~~Good thing~~

I encountered a strange coincidence in the smoking room as my berth was being made up. An old fellow (I won't mention his name, it's too well known in ~~many~~ circles) was regaling the assemblage with tales of the wild natives of Guam and how he had just escaped being murdered by them several times. I let my mind's eye glance at the "vicious" natives as the lounge indolently about or shamble slowly along the white roads. I didn't have the heart to ruin the fellows story.

As soon as I arrived in San Francisco I went to the "Hendersons" pier and found nothing but lazy longshoremen. I shrugged my shoulders and counted my change, twenty dollars.

At two o'clock I was standing in line at another dock, waiting with some of the Embargo's choice citizens, to sign the articles of the "President" Pierce which was sailing the next morning for China. It was that or a laughable retreat homeward. But the dotted line was never graced with my fair name. By the merest chance, I called the Twelth Naval District ~~Ha~~ and found ~~the "Hendersons"~~ that the "Henderson" was in San Diego and not sailing Guamward until the first. I counted up the days and ~~re~~ realized I still had four ~~t~~ until the first.

The next morning, tired from the long bus ride, I was requesting transportation of Captain Adams who proved to be very kind. ~~to me~~ He said the Bureau of Navigation's permission was necessary however.

I cooled my heels an hour in the ~~---~~ outer office of the commandant before he granted me audience. I told him my sad story and his heart seemed so touched that he sent the radio.

All afternoon, I slept and all night too, and most of the next day for that matter. I called every now and then to inquire after the radio. It finally came, stating that my father's permission was necessary.

With fear and trembling, I had a radio sent to Grant. It takes about two days for an answer and I had to bare thirty six hours.

I walked the streets of San Diego all that day with Old Man Worry gnawing at my brow. Would Dad reply "No!" or would he say, "yes."

You see, I had reason to be worried. This would be the first intimation he would have of my portending return. He didn't know that I was stranded in the Southwesternmost corner of the U.S. and likely as not, he wouldn't think of it.

June thirtieth dragged slowly by. Due to my repeated telephoning to the radio office, I was probably the most cursed at man in San Diego that day.

Sunday morning came and ~~with~~ hope (which springs eternal in the breast of men) prompted me to have my trunk transferred to the dock. But no trunk could be found! It had gone astray on the railroad to be rescued over a year later.

I was standing at the gangway, suitcase in hand when the radio finally came through. While I was opening it, the "Henderson" blew her "hurry up" whistle. Hungrily I devoured the thing and then whooped for joy. It gave permission!

Hence, I licked the stuffings out of Father Time once more. He must get all tired out following me around.

A wonderful man, according to Brit Harte, is the heathen Chinee. I suppose Mr. Harte would be ~~glad~~ happy to know that I entirely agree with him. But I have proof of Chinese greatness other than his ability to play poker.

The American tourist to China sees a man tugging dismally at a wheelbarrow. He immediately adjusts the pince-nez and remarks with a learned air "the poor fellow, he works all day for a mere pittance. What an unhappy existance!"

John Chinaman wants no pity, for he gives none. Like the bird in the gilded cage, he is happy because he knows of no other life. ~~than trudging wearily to and fro at dreary tasks~~ He takes his few pennies at the end of the day and there his likeness to the bird ceases to exist. He works all day, partly because he is an industrious creature and partly that he may have a few cents to spend in all night carousal. It is a carousal to him, but it would be death for us.

John loves his pipe primarily because of the entrancing ~~visions~~ illusions it creates. ~~After the~~ Secondary to opium is gambling. ~~He can dance but the pitying American attempt to lead this life. His pity would turn to admiration for the Chinaman's splendid physique.~~

That ugly, though wonderful body is one of the greatest mysteries of the Asiatic. Little or no food for days on end, and yet, no trace of suffering shows through that blank countenance.

A rickshaw boy trots hour after hour without showing the traces of weariness. ~~Two men can lift and carry a 550 pound oil drum, though each man weighs little over ninety pounds.~~ It is not considered a hard task for two Chinese laborers to place a 550 lbs oil drum between them on a "yoke" pole and then trot off, singing "oo, oo", "he hi", "ooo", to keep in step.

We are totally without understanding of Johns psychology. We cannot understand some of the things he does, because they seem all backwards to us, especially their business methods. It takes a boy several years to learn the correct usage of the little bead counter which is the Chinese adding machine, while we can make the same calculations in our heads or on paper with the same rapidity. His fingers fly over the beads for quite awhile and then he reads his answer, which is invariably ~~correct~~ right, but indirect.

He spends his ten cents gold on a few pipes of opium and several hands of fan-tan. If cards prove ~~unlucky~~ to be lucky, ~~then~~ a few more pipes are purchased and the gambler falls asleep with a smile on his face. But if the Gods of Chance prove unkind, then John falls asleep anyway, considering the evening well spent. And food? oh well, the wife can forage for that.

It is a happy state of existence. No worry from day to day.

Perhaps the man may become religious and decide that it is high time he greeted his ancestors in heaven. Then, he ~~buy~~ buys a package of joss and burns it before his favorite god. This done, he purchases a suitable grave and sits at its entrance awaiting ~~for~~ the beginning of his real life. What a powerful mind he must have. That it ~~may~~ can even still his heart!

In Tientsien, the method of ~~burial~~ death and burial is not quite so picturesque. The man dies at home and is laid in a heavy wooden coffin out on the plains surrounding the city. As there are droves of wild ~~dogs~~ dogs and pigs about that understand only too well the manner in which the ~~coffin~~ coffin cover is detached --.

Courage

Blatant text books say that before one can appreciate art or music, he must know something of the subject. yes, it's true. So true that it can be applied to most anything. You agree don't you?

Then you'll admit that Courage works in much the same manner. To appreciate art or courage, one must have that something inside to respond.

Who are our great heroes today? Byrd, Lindberg. If it were not for the newspapers, you would not recognize either one. Those two are featured in the headlines of today's paper, merited and cheered because the other fellow is cheering. But look alongside, in the next column, look at the scareheads. Amy McPherson! Peaches Browning! Snyder! Cowards and fools, every one! The Man of today would rather hear of a coward's electrocution than the Byrds new discoveries at the pole. Why?

Because the Man of today hasn't that something in him which admires courage. Amundsen and Captain Scott are dead and frozen in a ghost white land. You won't recognize those two famous names in a year or so. Still, you'll remember Captain Cook for his treachery.

At the same time that Sinclair, ~~He~~ was cutting capers for the amusement of the populace, two Marines died a horrible death in Nicaragua.

Their plane shattered, ~~and~~ ~~from~~ them the two Marines found themselves in the jungle, surrounded by bandits. They fought desperately until one was severely wounded & ~~and~~ the other carried his companion away under the cover of night. Carried him forty miles through sweating, sneering jungle. Forty miles through cactus and swamp to a cave. Their trail of blood was followed, and, as the wounded one lay dying, his friend fought off the bandits until he ~~at~~ too, succumbed, alone in a forgotten land.

You didn't see that in the paper, ~~but~~ for the same day it happened, there was too much to read about Sinclair.

Did Mr. Man ever hear of the turret explosion aboard the Battleship "Mississippi"? where, at the sacrifice of his own, an ensign saved the lives of three. And how about Fred Ward, the adventurer who saved China ~~from~~ for the white race and now, in reward of his bravery, lies buried in a Confucian Cemetery with never

Her Majesty

~~When mere gaiety a~~ ~~Which is the conversation is~~

There is one thing that graces the conversations of men: one thing that is always open to discussion: the goddess that neither knows nor respects any religion. Altars have been erected to her, charms have been fashioned to attract her, omens have been invented to predict her, but they all fail. Man ~~may~~ can not seduce her, he ~~may~~ can merely accept her for what she is: the untrustworthy, lying, cruel, changeable, satirical Lady Luck.

This humorist of humorists, this demon of demons has dragged ~~many~~ men from their places in the sun into the slime of oblivion; has made beggars kings; has, with a whisper, made and crushed ~~the~~ thousands; has laughed at the ~~kings~~ who supposed they ruled our destinies; and has ~~not~~ killed enough men to patch hell's highway its blistering length.

The fellow who made Australia what it is today ~~about mindlessly placed a~~ drunkenly placed his only hundred dollars on the "00" of a roulette wheel, thereby winning enough money to practically buy the continent. ~~One millionaire did~~ One of our pre-war millionaires missed a boat by seconds because of a flat tire and boarded the ill-fated Titanic ~~with~~ "One in a hundred" ~~for those.~~ and ~~for man~~ and all for the want of a ~~horse~~ horseshoe nail" affairs.

A great many fellows swear by the O'ran or what have

you that the goddess respects courage above all. Perhaps. There are exceptions to every rule but this one has more exceptions than truisms.

Behold that manly figure Major Reno with four companies at his back, charging through a thousand ~~pesky~~ red-skins to go to the aid of his general. Behold Custer slashing his way through the screaming camp on the Little Bighorn. Behold Major Reno, ~~exhausted~~ and hurt, unable to advance, lying in ~~hollow~~ bleak hollow listening to the moans of ~~the~~ his wounded and licking his parched lips hungrily as he hears the far off rumble of the river. Behold Custer, his pistol searing his flesh, ~~his mustang~~ its pitiful bark drowned in the sea of Sioux war-whoops, his nostrils burning with acrid black powder smoke and his blood shot eyes filled with the sight of his dying troops. Behold and shudder.

Men branded Reno a coward and the dead Custer a hero. neither could help his title. Lady Luck sent Custer into Crazy Horse when he might have sent Reno there. Reno might have been the hero and Custer the one dismissed from the service. No one knows why but the goddess.

The plains of Mongolia stretch bleakly, forbidding, yet beckoning, backed again and again by the Great Wall. Granite mountains turn their craven faces to the grey sky and the wind-god chaps their cheeks with icy blasts. The ages past, there stand to await oblivion which never comes. The plains, scarred by battle and man's puny efforts, growing nothing but thorns and breeding nothing but dust, reminisce the men who have trod before never to trod again.

Far from the sacrilegious bustle of Pekin, but of earshot, and eyeshot also, of civilization, I slipped a cautious hand about the watch tower's window and with a last strain of muscle, lifted my body through, to gasp at the approximity of the world's end. The rest of the block house was not there. Dripping from every pore, I curled myself on the broad, lofty ledge and closed my swimming eyes.

I had climbed for a long, long time over the sharp granite rock chips, which tore my futile shoes to shreds. I had burst through groves of tawny thorn trees, onward and upward from Nankow, the scene of Chang-ho-hsi's last stand. The great Wall ended everywhere, but for me, there was only the highest pinnacle.

I opened my eyes and viewed my conquest. The Wall straggled miles before me, broken in places, cut here and there by the

Now dipping from sight, now darting gracefully into view to swelp a craggy ridge with its grandeur.

Its haughty mien cowed me a little and my mind, seeking an outlet, began to reconstruct the blurred past. Each nook and cranny was littered with whispering memories and decaying history. A babble of visions assailed me when slowly through the mist there appeared a ghastly column of men ~~who~~ which was inching up the steep path I had climbed. A column of naked men, flanked by cruel soldiers ~~with~~ who carried slithering bull-whips.

I shuddered as the grisly line faded to whence it came. Then the scene changed. The wall was better built than before, the slaves had ~~well~~ requited ~~their jobs~~ themselves. The Wall was shrouded in night and ruthless figures became discernable.

sand storms. ~~Have it dipped from~~ ~~sight and there it gracefully~~ swept a peak with its grab claws twisting and turning, even writhing, in the distance, keeping alive the memory of China's glorious past.

The wind whipped through my hair and stung my cheeks with its ~~cold~~ bitter breath. It shrieked about the lonely tower, screamed to frighten me away from its playthings, the wall, the mountains and the thorns. And I laughed to match its wildness and opened my blue shirt at the throat to flaunt the wind-god and ridicule his power.

But ~~that~~ the laugh died presently, the wall was too stern and frowning. ~~That I began to~~ ~~recall the past.~~

~~I was home away, the traitor~~ ~~of Lidlang~~

The drivers ~~to were slashing~~ slashed at the slaves who struggled at their loads. The slaves, emaciated and pain racked, their eyes rolling white, their teeth clenched in pain, strained at the ~~ropes~~ stone-sledge ropes, as the wind whooped and whistled. An old man, with a long white beard, tugging, straining, presently fell and was mangled by the sledge's passing over him! ~~I shuddered and bounced the~~ ~~scene two hundred years.~~

~~The~~ A poor grease officer stamped his feet as he strode back and forth behind his men who leaned against the ramparts and strained their sight into the blackness. Tiny flies flickered a

The darkness was suddenly alive ~~filled~~ with the surprised stumbling of routed men. Into the night fled the Tartars. The cheers of triumphant soldiery in their ears.

scant mile into Mongolia. The officer's arm was suddenly clutched by a soldier who pointed over the wall at shadows which crept slowly, ominously closer. The officer screamed and simmering oil rippled over the battlements down into the blackness. The Tartars, ~~many~~ surprised, retreated. And then a week later, a lone sentry ~~pacing his~~ his soft shoes scuffing on the level flagging stopped and leaned out over Mongolia, to speak with someone below, someone who promised riches. The slithering of a rope and the heavy breathing of men as they slipped over the ramparts. The metallic swish of a sword, a sickening crunch and the traitor tumbled in Hell. China in the hands of the Tartars!

~~The sun flung out the long shadows of the Wall, the wind cut more deeply and mounds slipped down over each other in soundless ooze. The wind ~~moved~~ triumphed its victory and I felt very, very small.~~

The time slipped up once more. Masons have been working on the wall for Kublai Khan is about to display his nation's prize to a strange wild man of strange color.

The emperor came through an inner portal and turned to gaze behind him, Marco Polo.

as if to shroud ~~them~~ the
mysteries. The past was gone,
~~once more the wall slept~~

It was growing colder. the wind, jagged shadows & the Wall were creeping across the ravines as ~~if to hide to hide this loneliness~~ the loneliness. The wind was whipping tiny flakes of snow through the arched casement of my ghost ~~watch~~ tower. The distant peaks in the distance grew paler, and gradually faded. Something inside me began to scream that I was alone. alone in a forgotten. haunted land. where only memory lived. The Wall frowned more sternly and the wind moaned.

~~Slowly~~, I slipped down and away into soundless awe. ~~cowed by the dead, and crushed. knowing at last that I was very, very~~ ~~small~~. feeling very. very tiny.

Private Brad Martin was in one helluva fix! And he admitted it which was not like Brad. He had awakened that morning in a strange place, a stateroom of a steamer!! And what a head he had. The steamer lurched and rolled and Brad's liquor-excited stomach had acted accordingly. At present he sat on the "Melbourne's" after cargo hatch relating his troubles to Spike McGuire who listened in sympathetic silence.

"Talk about one damn thing after another," Brad was sayin'g. "Here I get de-rated from sarglint on'y last month an' now I'm prob'ly gets twenty years for desertin'. How in Jodo's green earth did I git on this tub anyhow?"

"Wall, I was jist sittin' on the rail that fust day an' I sees you comin' up the dock. You was wobblin' all over the place an' I says to myself, I says 'That's one of them pore marines wot is stranded down here in Nicaragua wit nuthin to git home on' and then with that I axes you aboard an' you comes agreeable like an' now here ye be an' Bluefield's a hundred miles astern!"

"Well, I don't know how in hell I'll ever explain it to the looey. He's new ya see an' he don't understand just wot the Marine Corps is about yet. Still guess he'll play hell goin' up to the old one an' sayin' 'Sir, I

wuz coerced aboard a ship, I
wuh, an' I been a wanp down
the coast sin' and the ol' one
would a left me. If ~~with that~~
~~bad~~ with a few months in
tha brig. But this new one! Jesus
his awful. Kid gimme a
s B.C.D. at least."

Private Brad Martin fell
silent at that and shook his
head wearily. His crimes weighed
upon him most heavily.

The S.S. "Melbourne" picked her
way down the South American
Coast, ~~She was~~ in and out of
the ports exchanging cargoes and
adding up a nice score for her
owners. Brad had signed on as
a seaman, remarking that he
was "nothin more or less now
than a damned flatfoot." Spike had
dug into his seabag to replace the
marine's khaki and chuckling had
remarked that Martin made "a
helluva lot better lookin 'flatfoot'
than a lousy marine anyhow." All
in all, Brad was having a pretty
easy time of it. Months of pursuing
the elusive Sandino through the
sweating jungle had fairly sickened
him of a Marine's life. Though he
would never admit that he thought
any better of the sailor's profession,
he was enjoying life for the first
time in a year. Shore leave with
the temptations Spike had opened
Brad's eyes to the beauty of South
America.

"Y'know, Spike," he remarked one
day as they chipped spasmodically

at the "Melbourne's" funnel. "I guess I'll save my cash an' buy one of these Argentine Ranchos an' marry a swell bimbo like that Maria we met in San Nicholas."

"An' have a sweet love nest when th' sunset meets th' horizon!" returned Spike. "Bah!"

"No. Seriously though. I'm gettin on along in years an' mother put by for my old age. Why look a here! next month I'll be twenty four." and he sighed profoundly.

"Say Buddy, when we put into San Nicholas tomorrow yuh can take another look at that 'swell bimbo' yer sighin' over." Spike dug savagely into the paint work.

"Awright just you wait an' see!" Brad's wandering mind was now determined on proving to Spike that, although he was a good fellow, he was usually wrong.

Cold gray fog hung close to the water as the "Melbourne" entered the bay of San Nicholas. The blatant fog horns echoed to the right and left and front. Officers strained their eyes ahead. Now and then a tug would jump into being or a canoe would slide quickly out of destruction's path. Big shadows that were liners slid past and were lost again. Finally the freighter slid warily alongside the dock to be moored.

~~It was~~

It was almost dusk when Spike and Brad went over the side and up the bay wharf. A smiling gateman said his "Buenas ~~tardes~~ tardes" to them and Brad paused a moment to polish up his already excellent Spanish. Soon the two had found their way through the ~~heart of the~~ tangle of streets to the "Glande Polo" dance hall where the remarked "bimbo". twinkled a pretty ankle. An ardious and chattering mozo showed them to a table and requested their orders, which were the same, of course. "Whisky straight!"

"There's Maria now!" teased Spike. "Go over and ask her ~~now~~."

"Naw, too early in the evenin'!" and an hour later, "Aw, why don't you ask her to come over an' maybe she will?"

"You know I can't parlee this spick, why rub it in?" countered Spike.

They were still wrangling when the "bimbo" settled the question by coming over herself.

"Ah!" she remarked, "los dos Americanos estan aqui, segunda vez?"

"What she say?" Spike whispered.

"She wants to know if we're here again."

"Tell her 'no'!" Spike was disgusted.

"Quiere V. vino?" Brad inquired and when it was brought, looked to Spike for further encouragement. The bimbo now looked even worse the his buddy had predicted.

"Well, why doncha ask her" Spike wanted to know.

Martin blinked his eyes and rolled his glass between his fingers. Presently he looked at the girl and then at Spike, finally asking "Que hora es?"

The bimbo glanced ~~about~~ over her shoulder at the clock which hung above the long bar and then turned to Brad, smiled and said "Son las ocho menos cinco minutos señor."

Brad looked relieved and answered Spike's anxious query. "She says she won't."

But before Spike could answer, the hum of the dance hall was drowned by a crash of musketry, closely followed by the rattle of a machine gun. The lights blinked out and the screams of the people as they scrambled madly for sanctuary blotted even the machine gun.

Brad listened to the "La Revolutión" ~~Guerra~~ which rose at every beat and then reached out for the "bimbo" but she was gone. He felt Spike tugging at him and turned to answer his frantic questions.

"Aw just one a' these spick revolutions." he yelled in Spike's ear. "Don't get excited! It'll be all over by morning! Lay down along the wall!" And pushing him down, Brad lay along side him. Brad had seen too many natives with guns in their hands to worry about it. Probably, he thought, it was just one of these rebelions which the Federalists always set right before dawn. Just a little skirmishing in the streets and then a long order condemning certain individuals to die at some near dawn. In a short time, Brad slept.

But not so with Spike. It was his first baptism of fire and he shook with terror. He felt tenderly the wall which he pressed so hard and wondered if it would stop a bullet. He decided that it would not and tried to burrow into the planking which was much more solid than the wall. He envied Brad and began to look upon him as a sort of demi-god who knew no fear and ate hot lead for breakfast.

The shots slackened before midnight and between then and dawn, only an occasional report echoed in the streets as an unholy stillness greeted the sun and Spike awakened his Buddy who sat

up suddenly and ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ began to make excuses for his desertion in a loud voice. In a moment, however, he had recalled the evening before and began to rub his sleep filled eyes.

"Hey! What we gonna do" whispered Spike, ready to rely blindly on the unclaimed Brad's advice.

"Find some breakfast, first." He looked over the dance hall. "Well, everybody left the party did they? Plenty dough on that bar and rolled table. Let's get it. The ship's probably gone now." Brad ~~[illegible]~~ got up and walked over to the bar where he poured himself a couple fingers. "The ship was leavin' on the ebb at one. But what the hell do we care, with all this dough."

"Maybe it didn't leave," ventured ~~[illegible]~~ Spike.

"Sure it did. Wouldn't wait around for just us would it?" He scooped up a handful bills and silver from the rolled table. "Always said I'd get back the dough I blew in on rolled but I didn't any how. Got the money? If the bar? Good, let's blow."

Brad pushed open the ~~[illegible]~~ swinging doors and without looking to the right or left stepped into the ~~street~~ chilly street, Spike timidly following. The sun ~~was~~ glistening on the dewy red roofs of the

houses and mist hung in the shadows. In the middle of the next block, stretched on the ~~boxing~~ damp flagging were the bodies of four federals. Spike looked at these a moment and then spoke to Brad.

"Lookit, maybe we better swipe them rifles." he said nervously.

"go ahead if you wanta carry 'em. Personally, I'm sick of toting guns" returned Brad with a lordly air. Spike ran over and after making sure of the federals' mortality removed two bandoliers and ~~the rest~~ picked up ~~two~~ a couple rifles. Brad smiled tolerantly.

"Gonna keep 'em for souvenirs or what?"

The two walked several blocks without seeing anyone and Spike began to breathe more evenly. Then the silence that hung over the town like a pall was broken by the rumblings of a car which soon came into sight around ~~it~~ a corner. It was a closed car and painted grey. at the wheel sat a very sweet young lady who stopped when she saw the two and motioned them to her.

"Your are sailors, yes?" she asked.

"Yes"

"And you know"

"What?"

"About the revolution and

how the city is in the hands of rebels?"

"Didn't know that" answered Brad, discovering a cigaret which he lighted with a flourish. "May we help you" and he smiled very sweetly.

"~~Of course~~. I hardly dared ask you. You see, I am trying to escape"

"Oh." Brad took a long pull at his cigaret and turned to Spike. "You take the wheel. give me those guns. you get in back, young lady! you're too conspicuous up there. That's better." He felt like a general "Give me those bandoleers, too. All right now, where do we go miss, miss --?"

"Miss ---- Smith and keep right on this road until you--

"That's all right lady, tell him when he gets there. He can't remember a thing that long." and he measured off a length on ~~it~~ his thumb.

The girl's face relaxed and she smiled. She seemed immensely relieved. During the ride, she told, between directions, of how the palace had been surprised and how the federals had been driven back until they now were regathering a few miles up the beach.

"How did you know all this and why didn't you go with them?" Brad wanted to know.

to get the British consul & radio

"I stayed behind to ~~telephone~~ ~~Protocoldio~~ and another reason was --" she broke off. "Hueso phoned me at the house where to meet him. These pigs," she evidently meant the revolutionists, "did not even know enough to cut a telephone wire."

Brad thought, "Well they knew enough to shell you off the palace." he began to speculate on this girl's identity but was rudely interrupted by a sentrie's challenge. Brad rattled off a few words of Spanish and the car passed on and coming in view of the ocean after a short time.

On the beach there were several hundred very tired looking soldiers who wore the grey and red of the republic. Some slept against knapsacks some had no knapsacks, but all were very weary. They eyed the approaching car listlessly. A portly old gentleman with much gold braid ~~on~~ whom Brad correctly guessed to be Hueso came to meet them.

The girl and Hueso talked for some moments while Spike and Brad looked on. Then the girl turned and introduced them, having learned their names in transit. Spike nodded in a dazed manner but Brad took the bull by the horn

"I understood you to say," he began in his best Spanish, assuming a very haughty and erect air, "that you would refuse to meet the rebels?" The general was somewhat taken aback. He had no idea that the american could understand Spanish. Americans were such fools.

"I did say as much" began Huerro.

"You perhaps ~~did~~ but Brad cut him short," do not recognize my name. I am COLONEL Madden ~~of the~~ croix d'guerre, medaille militaire, legion of honor, of the United States Marine Corps ~~and now~~ and now on intelligence work in South America! I see that you need help and I am willing to assist you. Assemble your men!"

The general looked as though he had just been in a bad accident. He swayed and grew red in face. Then he suddenly turned and bawled an order. Men climbed slowly to their feet and slouched into a ragged line. The general bawled another order and several men plodded forward through the sand to stand in various attitudes before their leader. By their chevrons, Brad knew them to be non-coms.

The Marine looked them over and then, looking very stern, sniffed audibly. His disdain was magnificent and he began to believe that he really was a colonel and therefore entitled to bawl these men out as he had heard his captain bawl out the company on many occasions. Brad ~~then~~ walked forward quietly ~~and stood~~ until he stood directly before a man he took to be a sergeant-major. He stared the man down and then began to speak in a loud rasping voice, bringing all the imperative Spanish he knew into bearing.

"Olog!" He said "Why will you not fight for your country? It has fed you and clothed you in peace and now in war — you turn it down! Last night the rebels surprised you and you ran because you know that the rebels are better men!" another volley and then: "But I had always heard that the Latin soldier was very cowardly, especially the federal!"

Weak, but it had its effect. The eyes of the sergeant had begun to smoulder. Who was this yankee who told them ~~that~~ they could not fight. Who was he to bleat about the finest people on earth being cowards. They'd show him.

* * *

"Quickly" continued Brad. "Form those lines more evenly, button up those tunics. You don't even look like soldiers."

The sergeant-major gave his orders tersely with many a questioning glance at the "colonel." The men moved into better formations and hurriedly began to smooth their uniforms. They were very puzzled. In a short time, they were all at attention awaiting the "colonel's" next order. They had not long to wait.

"Men" said Brad. "I have beaten better troops than these rebels with worse men than you. Battles depend on the man in charge, not the soldiery. If you want your breakfast, your pay and your barracks, obey my orders with a will and the rebel dogs will soon be in our hands. We will enter the city at the West. I have just reconnoitered that portion and find it to be ungarded. You in that company farthest to the right will form a skirmish line. The rest will deploy somewhat and take a determined stand whenever resistance is met. ~~Marche!~~ You have your orders, your officers will take charge." And he turned to the general and the girl, nothing ~~of the~~ that the soldiers had begun to smile.

Spike stood, mouth agape unable to comprehend that his buddy had actually

taken charge of our army. Brad was a dandy. God indeed. It didn't take gold braid to make a soldier, no sir, it took guts. He guessed Brad would make him prime minister or something. Spike grinned and extracted a cigaret from a delapidated pack and puffing at it, watched the soldiers move off down the road which was beginning to dry under the sun's hot rays.

~~Miss "Lucky" was beginning to wonder what kind fate had prompted her to pick up the soldiers in disguise. Colonel Manton was a wonderful man, so tall and masterful and so handsome, her latin heart began to beat a little faster.~~

The general was thunderstruck but his dawn victory blossoming from inglorious defeat and he began to appreciate this Marine who had come in such a timely fashion. Hurry waved the three into the car. It was some time ~~they~~ caught up with the ~~skirmishers~~. Spike turned the car on a dime and the beach was soon out of sight.

The automobile buzzed in the rear for some time and Brad listened attentively to the general's account of the disposition of the enemy. It seemed that the rebels had taken everyone by surprise.

shooting down the patrols and then attacking the palace and barracks, sweeping the disorganized federals before them. The general had collected his staff and had followed the routed army but had not caught up with it until early in the morning. The rebels had followed a very short distance and then had returned to loot and take possession of the government buildings. A fellow by the name of Roston had precipitated the revolution. The federals had known it some time but had not supposed ~~that~~ ~~he~~ any action would be taken so soon.

As the city came into sight, Brad told Spike to stop and then ~~he~~ got out, motioning his buddy to follow. The girl took the wheel and the general remained in the car. Such early morning exertions were too much on an empty stomach. Brad and Spike were soon up to the first company which Brad commanded to deploy over the wide plain.

The slow advance continued in silence. The city was quiet except for a few of the bolder citizens who hucked quickly in to nearby doorways as they caught sight of the advancing soldiers. Suddenly, a cloud of smoke enveloped one of the flat roofs and a volley shattered the morning air and one of

the federals dropped in his tracks.

"Guess the rebels must've woke up" thought Brad and then yelling with all his might and flourishing a pistol the general had given him, he started forward at a dead run. The federals took up the cry and began to run too. Only one stopped short to be startled again by Spike's boot. The air was full of bullets. The offending roof was only a hundred yards away now and still spouting death. But presently Spike had reached its base. He was up the wall like a monkey and over the side, Brad on his heels. The guns there stopped firing and in a moment the two were poking their smoke-grimed faces over the wall.

"Down that street!" screamed Brad pointing. "And you take your company down that one! Double quick!" Down they came from the house and the advance went on.

Through the narrow streets poured the soldiers, meeting no resistance until the barracks were reached. Then a blast of fire met them just as they were starting across the plaza. Brad was all in front once more.

"Stop!" he yelled throwing

up his arms. "Back!" and the troops obeyed, relaying the order to the ~~to~~ men in the rear. Bullets began to spat around Brad's head and Spike dragged him into the shelter of a doorway.

Brad hastily viewed the situation. The plaza was about ~~five hundred~~ two hundred yards square and edged by palm trees. On his side, he knew that four streets ended, leaving their mouths open to rebel fire. The ~~bar~~ barracks and palace formed a ~~solid~~ ~~except for the~~ front except for the high barred fence in front of the garden. Somewhere, a machine gun had begun to rattle.

The marine turned to a little captain who had been following him along with ~~three or~~ four others who had formed Huerro's staff.

"Take fifty men and line the tops of these houses to pot shot between you see in the garden." ~~the captain~~ When the captain had saluted and departed, Brad turned ~~to another~~ to one or two others. "Take twenty men apiece and go to the ~~other~~ ends of the plaza by way of this back street to form an enfilading fire on those windows. Then come back yourselves." The two raced off. "And you señor take account of our men and ammunition and have ~~the~~ the soldiers throw

up barricades on these four street fronts." The last one was gone.

Spike, not understanding a word of what was going on was standing awaiting an order. He was convinced that Brad was really a colonel. Genius was not lost upon him. Brad finally told him to worm his way around the back of the palace and find out what was what there. Spike went gladly.

Noon had come and gone and Brad had seen to it that the men had eaten for stores had been procured throughout the houses. A detachment of men had been sent to the palaces rear and disultory firing could be heard there. The girl had come up but Guerro had remained with the car. He was feeling very ill, so he said. Ammunition was replenished by the storehouse at the docks and the men were jubilant. Things looked very bright. at three o'clock, Brad assembled his staff.

"We have the dogs cornered," he said. "We must see if they will surrender. Any one got a white handkerchief?" Someone had. and Brad hoisted it on a rifle barrel after he had sent word around to cease firing. The enemy paused and after deliberating a few minutes threw open the palace gate.

Brad and his staff walked out onto the plaza and halted in the center soon to be joined by the rebel general.

"See here," began the Marine, "I am offering you good terms if you surrender. You cannot hold all until night. I know that."

"Who the hell are you?" the general wanted to know.

"Good terms and this is the only chance. Our reinforcements arrived not ten minutes gone!"

"To hell with you and your reinforcements!" shouted the rebel and turning on his heel, stalked off, his staff following.

"That's that!" said Brad.

The firing recommenced and continued until dusk when the Marine ordered ~~a company~~ another company to go to the rear of the palace and begin a heavy fire. Brad waited until he heard things begin to crackle ~~here~~ in back of the palace and then, gathering his men in three waves, passed his orders down the line. Darkness had set in and a pale moon made things barely discernable.

Brad walked out into the plaza, closely followed by Spike, and raising his revolver above his head, fired three times and the attack was on. With a roar, the first troops were out onto the plaza, then the second and finally the third, just as the first breached the

barrack. Brad was up onto the roof of the building screaming, "Come on, do you want to live forever!" and Spike was battering on the gate with a splintering rifle. The federals were swarming over the walls and into the garden, putting the bayonet to the untrained rebels. One cool revolutionist sat calmly on a ~~ridge~~ gatepost and picked off men. He looked surprised when Spike shot him.

Brad was on into the palace searching for the rebel general who ended his own life as the Marine arrived. All was bedlam without. Brad found a machine gun, only to desert it. Friendaid for looked like in that with darkness below. Then the rebels were running and a surprised few looked about to find themselves ringed around by federals. The palace was once more in the hands of the government. Although it had seemed only a moment, the fight in the barracks and courtyard had lasted three hours.

Morning had come when Brad finally turned the troops over to ~~the~~ General Huerta. Patrols walked the streets and the rebels had gone. Some into the mountains but most back to their ranches

~~the~~ and houses. It was difficult to distinguish one once he had ~~him~~ thrown his rifle away. The dead were disposed of and the bulk of the troops slept.

Brad threw himself down on an elegant couch in the palace reception room and poured himself a drink from a handy decanter. Spike slouched in presently.

"Say fella! this place is lousy with dead men. There's two in the next room and three upstairs. Been dead quite a while too," and Spike sat down. "I wonder who this dame really is."

"Here she is now ask her," returned Brad who could see the front door from his couch.

Miss "Smith" entered, her pretty face was grimed no ~~less~~ less than those of the two americans and she looked very tired. "I don't know how to thank you," she said to Brad as she took a chair at the table.

"Don't," smiled Brad. "It was too easy. Spike, here, wants to know who you are."

The girl looked at the uneasy Spike. "I am Marguerite de la Palos daughter of the late president."

"~~And~~ And you stayed here until morning because your father was dying in the next room" added Brad. ~~And~~ ~~as the girls eyes filled with tears~~

"Oh I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do it."

"That's all right Mr. Martin. But don't you remember me?"

"That is right Mr Martin." she daubed at her eyes and then looked at Brad curiously. "But he wasn't my real father, he adopted me eight years ago in New York. Bill don't you remember me, Brad? you said you would."

Brad sat up straight. "Huh?"

"Don't you remember me in Bluefields last June when you met me on that dark street and took me home to my hotel? You never saw my face, of course but I saw yours." Brad looked as though he were going to faint. "Only you weren't a colonel then, you were just a sergeant. You told me so. Remember how you told me it was too late to be on the street and how you took me and left me in front of the hotel?"

Brad sank back in his chair on the couch. "I couldn't return for that date I made, I was in the brig. I remember now. Funny world isn't it."

"Well, I must clean up. If you two wish to do so, the presidents suite is just above here." and she left.

As Brad and Spike trudged up the stairs a few minutes later,

Spike remarked. "She sure could'nt of thought much of that ~~father~~ step-dad."

"Say, she told me in Bluefield that her dad was cruel to her."

"I spose you'll stay now and become president or something and marry the girl and all that."

~~"Sure, guess I'll have to."~~

Brad didn't answer. He walked up the hall and entered the tall door at the end. ~~and~~ Spike looked over his shoulder and then with a "Smell Bump!" entered and began to shed his clothes.

"Why do that?" asked Brad.

"These aren't any good any more. Lookit! All pollute and burned and torn. What do you look so glum for?"

Brad walked into the bath room and washed his face and hands. As he combed his hair," He said," Spike old boy, I guess you wants stay here huh?"

"Sure enough" affirmed Spike.

"An' you don't ever want to see the ocean again?"

"Nope! Say, what in hell has got in to you?"

"Take a squint through this window. Yeh. Now look out there in the harbor."

"My God! There's a dozen battleships out there! Look, there's an American boat! Where did they come from?"

"You heard the girl say she got the counsel to call's

didn't you? There's the result. That American flag means just one thing!"

"Ah hell! you wouldn't turn yerself in would ya?"

Brad picked up his cap and started out.

~~Bud~~ "Wait a minute!" yelled Spike and began to dress! "Wait a minute I'm goin' with ya!"

At the dock, they found a wherry which they confiscated. In a few minutes, they were alongside the American boat. A sailor came down the ~~rope~~ jacobs ladder and requested their business. They told him and the sailor wanted them to the deck. Brad stood before the officer of the deck and came smartly to attention.

"I am Private Brad Martin, of the US Marines sir."

"Well?"

"And I'm turning myself in, sir."

"I don't care anything about that! Do you know what this rumpus is all about on shore?"

"Why sir?"

"Because we're frantic! Standard Oil is raving! Government radioing every half minute tellin' us to hurry up an' no puttin on 25! Damn thing is international! Every body's crazy!" The distraught officer pushed his hat to the back of his head."

"Well, y' see," began Brad.

"Here, come on. Tell it to the Captain."

While Spike remained on deck Brad was escorted into the presence of the skipper.

"And so, sir," Brad was saying, "I went out to the back and, well I guess I kinda lied a little and the general, he says 'go ahead take the whole damn army' an' so I did. I just wanted a free pass, sir. And then we took the palace and everything is all right again. I hope I didn't --"

The Captain cut him short. "Pass, eh. well boy, we were just going to land Marines! You saved us a long days work!" He put his hand on Brad's shoulder. "If you don't get something good for this I'm badly mistaken. Say! How did you get here anyhow?"

"Well, I guess they'll call it deserting sir, but it wasn't. You see, I got on a tramp steamer by mistake an' --"

"That's all right, that can wait. They'll believe you all right!"

"Thank you ever so much sir."

"Don't thank me! Let me do all the thanking."

"There's another fellow too, sir. I met him on the steamer. Name of McGuire."

Spike came in and shook hands somewhat nervously, mumbling, "Pleased to meet you."

~~"Would there be~~

Serfdom is not akin to any man in thought or habit. but ~~serfdom~~ serfdom was crushing the world in an iron fist not so many hundred years ago. People wandered in a soulless daze. puppets to every whim of a crown. ~~puppets~~ But there came a day when ~~men~~ a handful of men began to think. men who were ~~selfish~~ self centered it is true, looking for a place in the sun rather ~~than~~ than freedom of mankind. Men such as Voltaire who struck with this as their sole weapon at the ~~th~~ thrones which had served them ill. But, selfish or not, these men had sown the seed of freedom. ~~and~~ Seed which fell over the world and took definite root in the American colonies. It took a hundred years or more for this knowledge to ~~be~~ ~~enabled~~ draw away the shades of ~~blind~~ ignorance from American eyes. Once realized, it was fought for and out of ~~the~~ eddying smoke of the victorious ~~Revolution~~ there came that ~~feable~~ feat of government. the Articles of Confederation. Our ~~people~~ people saw the span which promised freedom floating gently and ~~freach~~ freach. They gazed ~~enabled~~ fearfully at Independence's bubble, so hard to achieve and yet even more difficult to retain. They were afraid to touch it, afraid of destroying its immense value

When ~~a Constitutional~~ Convention
to revise the ~~Articles of~~ Articles
was suggested, statesmen drew
back appalled, the most famous
refusing to touch them. And
then our youth came forward.
Alexander Hamilton and James
Madison among others to
strengthen the shorter role.
Muffled drums seemed to
beat and predict the death
~~of two~~ one of two things: Liberty
or the Articles of Confederation.
Then, full armed from the
brain of that Convention, there
sprang the Constitution of the
United States, a document stating
~~which stated~~ in clear, calm
tones that liberty would
live forever.

2'20"

N for Nat

Rex Fraser mounted the knoll and setting his hat more securely against the wind squinted at the huddle of unpainted shacks below him.

"So this," he said to his horse, "is Montana City. Budding little metropolis, isn't it? All full of gold and he-men and sin and more gold. Lookit, Monte, there's the 'Palace Saloon'. Let's go!"

He tied Monte to the hitching rack amid a swirl of thick midsummer's dust and, jingling the silver in his pocket, entered the saloon. He told the barkeep the nature of his poison and leaned against the ~~slanting~~ slanting structure which served as a bar.

"Things booming around here aren't they?" Rex remarked as he accepted the proffered bottle. "Nice little town."

"Yeah." replied the bartender scooping the half into his till. "Stayin long?"

"That all depends on the amount of sin and vice in your struggling community."

The barkeep was interested. "What do you mean by that, pardner?"

"I'm a sky-pilot." Rex poured himself another drink.

"A what?"

"A sky-pilot, parson, minister, preacher. You know, a fellow that goes around telling men to be good 'ere God slaps their wrists."

The dispenser of liquids squinted up his beady eyes and appraised the checked flannel shirt, the authoritive horse pistol and the bat wing chaps.
"So that right," he grunted sarcastically.
"Right as rain." returned Rex rolling himself a cigarette. "That's my trained profession. Spent eight years learning it."
"Well I'll be damned."
"Probably."
"Huh?"
"Nothing. Any place around here where a fellow might hold a meeting?"
"Shore, yuh can use this saloon if yore serious." The barkeep looked into the twinkling brown eyes suspiciously.
"All right, how about tomorrow night. Fine. Kind of let it circulate will you, please? And how about a room."
"Shore, shore. You gotta hoss outside? Hey Jake! Take keer of this guy's horse will yuh. Yeh, the one on the end. Follow me, friend."
"I think I'd better take care of mine. He needs a lot of things done to him."
"All right, suit yerself. The stable's around back." When Rex had gone, the barkeep called Jake over to him. "Jake." he said impressively, "That guy's a preacher!"
"The hell he is!"
"Yep, a young feller like him. He's gonna preach here tomorrow

night!"

"In a saloon? It ain't decent!"

"Don't seem to make any difference to him."

"I betcha he's a gunman!" Jake was unconvinced.

"Well, I guess he's a preacher all right. I'head it around will yuh?"

"Yuh kiddin'?"

"Nope." The barkeep turned back to polishing glasses meditating on the strange things life presented.

But the sermon was destined never to take place. For that night, as Rex slept in his room, several men thundered up before the "Palace". They dismounted and entered. The evident leader strode to the bar and buttonholed the surprised keep.

"You seen any strangers today, Al?" said the newcomer.

"When did you join the vigilantes," returned the barkeep.

~~"Listen Al I'm not fooling~~

"I been one ever since fifteen. Have you seen any strangers today, Al?" The vigilante was very patient.

"Yeah," Al finally admitted. "I seen just one but you wouldn't be interested"

"Ahah" snorted the leader and glanced around at the filled saloon. "And why wouldn't I be interested. One of your

old pals eh? Al here is so loyal, boys." The men laughed. The bartender turned red. "Let's not go into that!" he shouted.

"Well, anyway, who's your friend?

"You wouldn't be interested."

"And why not?" returned the Vigilante with a little heat.

"Because he's a preacher" mimicked Al, to be rewarded with a gale of laughter.

The leader danced about disconcerted and then gritted his teeth. "Let's see your preacher!"

"Shore, come on." Al turned toward the stairs, the gang following. The Vigilante pushed Rex's door open and then stepped back quickly to be greeted with a profound snore. The crowd tittered. The brave Vigilante then entered to soon emerge his hands above his head and his gun missing. Rex followed him and then stopped irresolutely as he noticed the largeness of the crowd. Rex lowered his gun, or rather the leader's gun.

"Hey, what the hell is this all about?" he wanted to know.

"Preacher be damned!" snorted the Vigilante. "He's the man we want. Get him boys!"

They took Rex downstairs